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**Jack of Newbury
songster**

**Speenhamland
[England]**

[18--]

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JACK OF NEWBURY SONGSTER.

BEING A COLLECTION OF
POPULAR SONGS,
DUETS, GLEES, ETC.

SPEENHAMLAND :
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. HALL.

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The Pieman's Description of the Camp at Chobham.

O DEAR ! what a place is a Camp !
What wonderful doings are there ;
The people are all on the tramp ;
To me, it looks wond'rous queer.
Here's ladies the tents out and in,
And cropt maccaronies likewise ;
And I, with my " Who'll up and win ?
Come, here is your hot mutton pies !"
Tol, lol, &c.

Here's horses, and asses, and chaise,
And waggons, and carts out of number ;
Here's racketing nights and by days,
And inns full of dead and live lumber.
Now here is a beau in a gig,
And here is a lady in clover,
And here is an alderman's wig,
And Billy, the tailor, done over.
Tol, lol, &c.

Here's galloping this way and that ;
With Madame, stand out of the way !
Here's, O fie, sir, what would you be at ?
Come, none of your impudence, pray !
Here's halt ! to the right about face ;
Here's laughing, and screaming, and
cries ;

PAGINATION BEGINS

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Here's milliner's men out of place,
And I with my hot mutton pies.
Tol, lol, &c.

Here's the heath all the world like a fair ;
Here's butlers, and sutlers, and cooks ;
Here's popping away in the air ;
And captains with terrible looks.
Here's "How do you do?" "Pretty
well ;
The dust has get into my eyes."
There's "Fellow, what have you to sell ?"
"Why, only some hot mutton pies!"
Tol, lol, &c.

The Englishman.

THERE's a land that bears a world-known
name,
Tho' 'tis but a little spot ;
'Tis first on the blazing scroll of fame,
And who shall say it is not ?
Of the deathless ones who shine and live,
In arms, in heart, in song,
The brightest the whole wide world can give,
To that little land belong.
'Tis the star of the earth, deny it who can,
The island home of an Englishman.
'Tis the star of the earth, &c.

There's a flag that waves o'er ev'ry sea,
 No matter when or where;
 And to treat that flag as aught but the free,
 Is more than the strongest dare.
 For the lion-spirits that tread the deck,
 Have carried the palm of the brave,
 And that flag may sink with a shot-torn
 wreck,
 But never float o'er a slave.
 Its honour is stainless, deny it who can,
 The flag of a true-born Englishman.
 Its honour is stainless, &c.

The Briton may traverse the pole or zone,
 And boldly claim his right,
 For he calls such a vast domain his home,
 That the sun never sets on his might.
 Let the haughty stranger seek to know,
 The place of his home and birth,
 And a flush will pour from cheek to brow,
 While he tells of his native hearth.
 'Tis a glorious charter, deny it who can,
 That's breath'd in the words, "I'm an
 Englishman."
 It's a glorious charter, &c.

The Trumpet sounds a Victory.

He was fam'd for deeds of arms,
 She a maid of envied charms;
 Now to him her love imparts,
 One pure flame pervades both hearts.

Honour calls him to the field,
 Love to conquest now must yield ;
 Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to
 thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory !

Battle now with fury glows !
 Hostile blood in torrents flows ;
 His duty tells him to depart,
 She press'd her hero to her heart,
 And now the trumpet sounds to arms ;
 Amid the clash of rude alarms,
 Sweet maid ! he cries, again I'll come to
 thee,
 When the glad trumpet sounds a victory !

He with love and conquest burns,
 Both subdue his mind by turns ;
 Death the soldier now enthrals ;
 With his wounds the hero falls !
 She disdaining war's alarms,
 Rush'd and caught him in her arms !
 O death ! he cries, thou'rt welcome now to
 me !
 For hark ! the trumpet sounds a victory !

The Friend and Pitcher.—SHIELD.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
 Will still desire to grow richer ;
 Give me but these, I ask no more,
 My charming girl, my friend, and pitcher.

My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
 With such, what mortal can be richer ?
 Give me but these—a fig for care,
 With my sweet girl, my friend, and
 pitcher.

From morning sun I'd never grieve
 To toil a hedger and a ditcher ;
 If that, when I come home at eve,
 I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
 My friend so rare, &c.

Though fortune ever shuns my door,
 (I know not what can thus bewitch her,)
 With all my heart can I be poor
 With my sweet girl, my friend, my
 pitcher.

My friend so rare, &c.

The Standing Toast.—C. DIBDIN.

THE moon on the ocean was dimm'd by a
 ripple,
 Affording a chequer'd delight ;
 The gay jolly tars pass'd the word for the
 tipple ;
 And the toast—for 't was Saturday night ;
 Some sweetheart or wife that he loved as his
 life,
 Each drank, while he wish'd he could
 hail her ;

But the standing toast that pleas'd the most,
 Was—The wind that blows, the ship that
 goes,
 And the lass that loves a sailor !

Some drank the king and his brave ships,
 And some the constitution ;
 Some, May our foes and all such rips
 Own English resolution !
 That fate might bless some Poll or Bess,
 And that they soon might hail her ;
 But the standing toast, &c.

Some drank our Queen, and some our land,
 Our glorious land of freedom !
 Some that our tars might never stand
 For heroes brave to lead 'em !
 That beauty in distress might find
 Such friend as ne'er would fail her ;
 But the standing toast, &c.

The Comical Fellow.—A GLEE.

SIR, you're a comical fellow,
 Your nose it is hooked,
 Your back it is crooked ;
 And you are a comical fellow.
 What I ? No, you are a comical fellow.

Nay, you are a comical fellow,
 You squint with such grace,
 So red is your face ;

'Tis you are a comical fellow.

You, you, 'tis you are a comical fellow.
What I ? Am I a comical fellow ?
No, no, pray do not say so ;
I'm sure I'm no comical fellow.

The Maltese Boatman's Song.

SEE, brothers, see how the night comes on,
Slowly sinks the setting sun ;
Hark how the solemn vespers'-sound
Sweetly falls upon the ear.
Then haste, let us work till the daylight is
o'er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore.
Our toil and labour being o'er,
How sweet the boatman's welcome home.

See how the tints of daylight die,
How sweet to hear the tender sigh ;
Oh ! when the toil of labour 's o'er,
Row swiftly, row to the shore.
Then haste, let us work till the daylight is o'er,
Then fold our nets as we row to the shore.
For fame or gold howe'er we roam,
No sound so sweet as welcome home.

The Poacher.

WHEN I was bound a 'prentice,
In famous Somersetshire,

I serv'd my master truly
 For almost seven long year,
 'Till I took up to poaching,
 As you shall quickly hear.
 Oh, its my delight, on a shiny night,
 In the season of the year.

As me and my comrade
 Were setting o' a snare,
 The gamekeeper was watching us—
 For him we did not care ;
 For we can wrestle, fight, my boys,
 Jump over anywhere.
 For its my delight, &c.

As me and my comrade
 Were setting four or five,
 And taking of 'um up again,
 We catch'd a hare alive ;
 We throw'd her o'er our shoulders,
 And through the woods did steer.
 Oh ! its my delight, &c.

We popp'd her in a bag, my boys,
 And march'd away for town ;
 But coming to a neighbouring inn,
 We sold her for a crown :
 We sold her for a crown, my boys,
 But I did not tell ye where—
 No—It's my delight, &c.

Then here's success to poaching,
 For I do think it fair ;

Bad luck to every gamekeeper,
 That will not sell his deer;
 Good luck to every gentleman,
 What wants to buy a hare.
 For its my delight, &c.

The Land, Boys, we live in.

SINCE our foes to invade us have long been
 preparing,
 'Tis clear they consider we've something
 worth sharing,
 And for that mean to visit our shore;
 It behoves us, however, with spirit to meet
 'em,
 And though 'twill be nothing uncommon to
 beat 'em,
 We must try how they 'll take it once
 more.

So fill, fill your glasses, be this the
 toast given,
 Here 's England for ever, the land,
 boys, we live in !
 So fill, fill your glasses, be this the
 toast given,
 Here 's England for ever, huzza !
 Here 's a health to our tars on the wide ocean
 ranging,
 Perhaps even now some broadsides are ex-
 changing,
 We'll on shipboard and join in the fight;

And when with the foe we are firmly en-
gaging,
'Till the fire of our guns lulls the sea in its
raging,
On our country we'll think with delight.
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

On that throne where once Alfred in glory
was seated,
Long, long may our king by his people be
greeted,
Oh ! to guard him we'll be of one mind.
May religion, law, order, be strictly defended,
And continue the blessings they first were
intended,
In union the nation to bind !
So fill, fill your glasses, &c.

Poor Jack.—C. DIBDIN.

Go, patter to lubbers and swabs, do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like ;
A tight-water boat and good sea-room give
me,
And it a'nt to a little I'll strike.
Though the tempest top-gallant-mast smack
smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the deck, stow the yards, and bouse
everything tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud ;

Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft,
 To be taken for trifles aback ;
 For they say there 's a Providence sits up
 aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
 About souls, heaven, mercy, and such ;
 And, my timbers ! what lingo he'd coil and
 belay ;
 Why, 'twas just all as one as high Dutch ;
 For he said how a sparrow can't founder,
 d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below ;
 And a many fine things that proved clearly
 to me,
 That Providence takes us in tow ;
 For, says he, do you mind me, let storms
 e'er so oft,
 Take the topsails of sailors aback,
 There 's a sweet little cherub that sits up
 aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

I said to our Poll—for, d'ye see, she would
 cry—
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye ?
 Why what a damn'd fool you must be !

Can't you see, the world 's wide, and there 's
room for us all,

Both for seamen and lubbers ashore ?
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
You never will hear of me more.

What then ? All 's a hazard : come don't be
so soft,

Perhaps I may laughing come back ;
For, d'ye see, there 's a cherub sits smiling
aloft,

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack !

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world, not offering to
flinch

From the moment the anchor 's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides
and ends,

Nought 's a trouble from a duty that
springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino 's
my friends,

And as to my life, 'tis the king's.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me
so soft,

As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft,
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack !

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" who has not had
a sight?

Who of Topsy the name does not know?
If any one could wash a blackamoor white,
It would be Mrs. Beecher Stowe.
It 's a very good book we know,
And has made us our noses to blow,
But they've worked him so much, I wish
poor Uncle Tom
Was gone where all good niggers go.

Wherever you travel, wherever you stop,
Uncle Tom his black poll 's sure to show;
With his songs, polkas, waltzes, they fill
every shop,
'Till like Topsy, "I 'specs they must
grow!"
The stage had enough of Jim Crow,
A jumping and a "doing just so,"
And 'twould be quite a blessing if poor old
Tom
Would after that good nigger go.

Humphrey Gubbin's Courtship.

A COURTING I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in May;
And when I came to her, by Jove,
The devil a word could I say.

I walk'd with her into the garden,
 There fully intending to woo her ;
 But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
 If of love I said anything to her !

I clasped her hand close to my breast,
 While my heart was as light as a feather,
 Yet nothing I said, I protest,
 But—Madam, 'tis very fine weather.
 To an arbour I did her attend ;
 She ask'd me to come and sit by her ;
 I crept to the furthest end,
 For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the wind ?
 For I thought in some talk we must
 enter ;
 Why sir, (she answer'd and grinn'd),
 Have you just sent your wits for a
 venture ?
 Then I followed her into the house ;
 There I vow'd I my passion would try ;
 But there I was still a mouse :
 Oh ! what a dull booby was I !

No Glory I Covet.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
 Ambition is nothing to me ;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruffled, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square ;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has
 lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize ;
 Whilst sweet meditation, and cheerful con-
 tent,
 Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions
 display,
 Unenvied I'll challenge my part ;
 For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey,
 Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and
 strife,
 The many their labours employ !
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

Invitation to May.—A MADRIGAL.

T. MORLEY. 1595.

Now is the month of maying,
 When merry lads are playing,
 Fa, la, la.

Each with his bonny lass,
 A dancing on the grass,
 Fa, la, la.

The spring clad all in gladness,
 Doth laugh at winter's sadness,
 Fa, la, la ;
 And to the bag-pipe's sound,
 The nymphs tread out their ground,
 Fa, la, la.

Fie, then, why sit we musing,
 Youth's sweet delight refusing,
 Fa, la, la.
 Say, dainty nymphs, and speak,
 Shall we play at barley-break ?
 Fa, la, la.

The Fox and the Grapes.

A HUNGRY fox one day did spy,
 Fa la la, fa la la la la,
 Some nice young grapes that hung full high,
 Fa la la, fa la la la la ;
 And as they hung they seemed to say,
 To him who underneath did stay,
 If you can reach me down you may,
 Fa la la, fa la la la la.

The fox he jump'd and jump'd again,
 Fa la la, fa la la la la,

And tried to reach them but in vain,
 Fa la la, fa la la la la,
 He smack'd his lips for near an hour,
 But found the prize beyond his power,
 And then he said, the grapes are sour !
 Fa la la, fa la la la la.

The Cobbler in Love.

A COBBLER there was, and he liv'd in a stall,
 Which served him for parlour, for kitchen,
 and hall ;
 No coin in his pocket, no care in his pate,
 No ambition had he, nor duns at his gate.
 Derry down, down, down, derry down.

Contented he work'd, and he thought him-
 self happy,
 If at night he could purchase a jug of brown
 nappy :
 How he'd laugh then, and whistle, and sing
 too, most sweet ;
 Saying, just to a hair I have made both ends
 meet.

Derry down, down, &c.

But love, the disturber of high and of low,
 That shoots at the peasant as well as the
 beau ;

He shot the poor cobbler right through the heart;
 I wish he had hit some more ignoble mark.
 Derry down, down, &c.

It was from a cellar this archer did play,
 Where a buxom young damsel continually lay;
 Her eyes shone so bright when she rose ev'ry day,
 That she shot the poor cobbler quite over the way.

Derry down, down, &c.

He sung her love-songs as he sat at his work,
 But she was as hard as a Jew or a Turk;
 Whenever he spoke she would flounce and would fleer,
 Which put the poor cobbler quite into despair.

Derry down, down, &c.

He took up his awl that he had in the world,
 And to make away with himself was resolv'd;
 He pierc'd through his body instead of the sole,
 So the cobbler he died, and the bell it did toll.

Derry down, down, &c.

And now, in good will, I advise as a friend,
 All cobblers take warning by this cobbler's
 end ;

Keep your hearts out of love ; for we find
 by what's past,

That love brings us all to an end at the last.

Derry down, down, &c.

Billy Moor.

AN honest tar and fresh from sea,
 With heart just where it ought to be,

Thus hail'd young Billy Moor ;

" What cheer, my lad ?—Misfortune's gale
 Hath torn, I see, thy tatter'd sail,
 For thou art wreck'd and poor."

The simple boy his story told
 Told with a blushing sweetness too,

Then heav'd an heart-sick sigh !

" But God is good, though man 's unkind ;
 Pass on—my sufferings never mind,

He soon will let me die !"

Jack's heart with manly pity yearn'd,
 More than his purse in pocket burn'd,

And that for once was cramm'd ;

First wip'd the spray from either eye—

" Die, messmate !" was the tar's reply,

" If thou dost I'll be— !

“ Bear up ! I have thee safe in tow,
 I'll fit thee straight to face the foe,
 And cope with death, d'ye see !”
 He had him rigg'd—the next spring tide,
 His locker full and well supplied,
 Bore Billy Moor to sea.

When there, the boy, with grateful heart
 Applauded, play'd his stated part,
 And scorn'd to flinch or run ;
 But oft would bless the happy day
 That bore him from distress away
 To serve Jack Mizen's gun.

**May we ne'er want a Friend nor a
 Bottle to give him.—T. DIBDIN.**

SINCE the first dawn of reason first dawn'd
 on my mind,
 And taught me how favour'd by fortune
 my lot ;
 To share that good fortune I still was in-
 clined,
 And to impart to who wanted what I
 wanted not.

’Tis a maxim entitled to every one's praise,
 When a man feels distress, like a man to
 relieve him ;

And my motto, though simple, means more
than it says—

“ May we ne’er want a friend, nor a
bottle to give him ! ”

The heart by deceit or ingratitude rent,
Or by poverty bowed (though of evils the
least,)

The smiles of a friend may invite to content,
And we all know content is an excellent
feast.

’Tis a maxim, &c.

Uprouse ye, then, my Merry Men.
A GLEE.

THE chough and crow to roost are gone,
The owl sits on the tree,
The hush’d wind wails with feeble moan,
Like infant charity ;
The wild-fire dances o’er the fen,
The red star sheds its ray.

Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
It is our opening day.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
And clos’d is every flow’r,
And winking tapers faintly peep,
High from my lady’s bower,

Bewilder'd hinds, with shorten'd ken,
 Shrink on their murky way.
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
 It is our opening day.

Nor board nor garner own we now;
 Nor roofed, nor latched door;
 Nor kind mate bound by holy vow;
 To bless a good man's store,
 Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
 And night is grown our day.
 Uprouse ye, then, my merry merry men,
 And use it as ye may.

Haste thee, Nymph.—JOHN MILTON.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
 Jest and youthful jollity;
 Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
 Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
 Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
 And love to live in dimple sleek;
 Sport, that wrinkled Care derides,
 And Laughter holding both his sides.
 Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Grand Chorus.—Gustavus the Third.
 AUBER.

HAIL! all hail to our patriot King!
 With shouts we'll make the welkin ring;

All who love your country, sing,
Long live the King !

Fenc'd round by grateful hearts,
What danger should he dread ;
Fell treason, backward starts,
And hides abash'd her head.

Hail ! to our lov'd Monarch !
His nation's joy and glory ;
His name shall live for ever,
Rever'd in latest story.

Fenc'd round, &c.

Hail ! to our Monarch !
Hail ! thou Patriot King !
Blessings light upon our Monarch !
Peace and joy be his for ever !

Fenc'd round, &c.
Hail ! all hail, &c.

The Curfew Glee.—ATTWOOD.

HARK ! the curfew's solemn sound,
Silent darkness spreads around,
Heavy it beats on the lover's heart,
Who leaves with a sigh his tale half told ;
The poring monk, and his book must part ;
And fearful the miser locks his gold.
Now whilst labour sleeps, and charmed sor-
row ;

O'er the dewy green,
 By the glowworm's light,
 Dance the elves of night,
 Unheard, unseen,
 Yet, where their midnight pranks have been,
 The circled turf, will betray to-morrow.

Unfading Beauty.—CAREW, 1639.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintain his fires ;
 As old time makes these decay,
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combin'd,
 Kindle never-dying fires :
 Where these are not I despise,
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

The Watchman.—C. DIBDIN.

A watchman I am, and I knows all the round,
 The housekeepers, the strays, and the
 lodgers ;
 Where low devils, rich dons, and high rips,
 may be found,
 Odd dickies, queer kids, and rum codgers.

Of money and of property I'm he that takes
the care,
And cries, when I see rogues go by,—‘ Hey !
what are you doing there ?’

[“ Only a little business in that house ; you understand me ? ” “ Understand you ! — Well, I believe you are an honest man. Do you hear ? — bring me an odd silver candlestick.”]

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
Saint Paul's strikes one :—
Then, after all the mischief's done,
I goes and gives them warning ;
And loudly bawls,
As strikes Saint Paul's,
Past one o'clock, and a cloudy morning !

Then round as the hour I merrily cries,
Another fine mess I discover ;
For a curious rope-ladder I straightway
espies,
And Miss Forward expecting her lover.
Then to each other's arms they fly—
My life ! my soul ! —“ Ah ! ah !
Fine work, Miss Hot-upon 't,” cries I,—
“ I'll knock up your papa.”

[“ No, no ! you won't ! ” “ I shall, worthy old soul !
to be treated in this manner.” “ Here, here, take
this.” “ Oh ! you villain ! want to bribe an honest

watchman?—and with such a triflē too?" "Well, well, here is more." "More! you seem to be a spirited lad—now, do you make her a good husband—I am glad you tricked the old hunks—good night—I wish you safe at Gretna-Green!"]

Then to my box I creep,
And then fall fast asleep.
Saint Paul's strikes two;
The lovers off, what does I do,
But gives the father warning,
And loudly bawls, &c.

Then towards the square from my box I looks,
I hears such a ranting and tearing;—
'Tis Pharaoh's whole host, and the pigeons
and rooks,
Are laughing, and singing, and swearing.
Then such a hubbub and a din,—
How they blaspheme and curse!
That thief has stole my diamond pin;
Watch! watch! I've lost my purse!

[“Watch! here I charge you!” “And I charges you.” “'Tis a marvellous thing that honest people can't go home without being robbed: which is the thief?” “That's the thief that tricked me out of two hundred pounds this evening.” “Ah! that, you know is all in the way of business; but which is the thief that stole the gentleman's purse?” “That's him.” “What, Sam Snatch? Give it to me, Sam. He has not got your purse—you are mistaken in your man. Go home peaceably, and don't oblige me to take you to the watchhouse.”]

Then to my box I creep,
 And then fall fast asleep.
 Saint Paul's strikes three—
 Thus from all roguery I gets free,
 By giving people warning.
 And loudly bawls, &c.

PARODY ON
 "Gently touch the Warbling Lyre."

GENTLY stir and blow the fire,
 Lay the mutton down to roast,
 Dress it quickly, I desire ;
 In the dripping put a toast,
 That I hunger may remove ;
 Mutton is the meat I love.

On the dresser see it lie,
 Oh ! the charming white and red !
 Finer meat ne'er met my eye,
 On the sweetest grass it fed :
 Let the jack go swiftly round,
 Let me have it nicely brown'd.

On the table spread the cloth,
 Let the knives be sharp and clean ;
 Pickles get, and salad both,
 Let them each be fresh and green :
 With small beer, good ale, and wine,
 O ye gods : how I shall dine !

Memory.—GOLDSMITH.

O MEMORY ! thou fond deceiver,
 Still importunate and vain,
 To former joys recurring ever,
 And turning all the past to pain.
 Thou, like the world, th' opprest oppressing,
 Thy smiles increase the wretch's woe !
 And he who wants each other blessing,
 In thee must ever find a foe.

The High-mettled Racer.—C. DIBDIN.

SEE the course throng'd with gazers, the
 sports are begun,
 What confusion,—but hear !—“ I'll bet you
 sir.”—“ Done, done !”
 A thousand strange murmurs resound far
 and near,
 Lords, hawkers, and jockeys, assail the tired
 ear ;
 While, with neck like a rainbow, erecting
 his crest,
 Pamper'd, prancing, and pleased, his head
 touching his breast,
 Scarcely snuffing the air, he's so proud and
 elate,
 The high-mettled racer first starts for the
 plate.

Next Reynard's turned out, and o'er hedge
and ditch rush
Hounds, horses, and huntsmen, all hard at
his brush ;
They run him at length, and they have him
at bay,
And by scent or by view cheat a long tedi-
ous day ;
While alike born for sports in the field or
the course,
Always sure to come through—a staunch
and fleet horse ;
And when fairly run down, the fox yields up
his breath,
The high-mettled racer is in at the death.

Grown aged, used up, and turn'd out of the
stud,
Lame, spavin'd, and wind-gall'd, but yet
with some blood ;
While postilions his pedigree trace,
Tell his dam won that sweep-stakes, his sire
won that race ;
And what matches he'd won to the ostlers
count o'er,
As they loiter their time by some hedge-
alehouse door ;
Whilst the harness sore galls, and the spurs
his side goad,
The high mettled-racer's a hack on the road.

At length, old and feeble, trudging early and late,
 Bow'd down by diseases, he bends to his fate;
 Blind, old, lean, and feeble, he tugs round a mill,
 Or draws sand, till the sand of his hour-glass stands still;
 And now, cold and lifeless, exposed to the view,
 In the very same cart which he yesterday drew;
 Whilst a pitying crowd his sad relic surrounds,
 The high-mettled racer is sold to the hounds.

To the Old, Long Life.

To the old, long life and treasure;
 To the young, all health and pleasure;
 To the fair, their face,
 With eternal grace:
 And the rest to be loved at leisure.
